Blue Quill

Queens College
May, 1955

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GRADUATION SPEAKERS . . .

GUSTAVSON AND LILLY TO SPEAK AT COMMENCEMENT

GUSTAVSON

LILLY

TWO outstanding leaders, one in church work, and the r in the field of chemistry, will be the speakers at the uation exercises at Queens this year. Dr. Edward G. , pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Charleston, th Carolina, will deliver the baccalaureate sermon in Chapel on Sunday, May 29, at 11:00 a.m. Commence- t exercises will be held at 10:30 a.m. on Monday, May Addressing the graduates at this time will be the pres- t and executive secretary of Resources for the Future, Reuben G. Gustavson.

native of Kentucky, Dr. Lilly received his A.B. degree Davidson College, his M.A. at Princeton University, and B.D. at Union Theological Seminary in Richmond, Vir- a. He was granted a Th.M. degree as a Larus Fellow received an honorary D.D. degree from Davidson. Dr. is a member of Omicron Delta Kappa and Phi Beta pa honorary fraternities.

efore going to Charleston in 1937, Dr. Lilly held pas- es at the First Presbyterian Church, Millersburg, Ken- y, and the Vine Street Presbyterian Church, Birming- , Alabama. He was Moderator of the Synod of South olina in 1952. Dr. Lilly is a member of the Board of stees of Queens and of the Executive Committee of the rd of Annuities and Relief of the Presbyterian Church, S.

r. Lilly's brother, Dr. Henry T. Lilly, is a professor of lish at Davidson College and his son, Edward G. Lilly, works in Charlotte at the Wachovia Bank and Trust npany.

he commencement speaker, Dr. Gustavson, is a native Denver, Colorado. He graduated from the University Denver with an A.B. degree and received his M.A. there following year. At the University of Chicago he was ted his Ph.D. degree. Dr. Gustavson also holds a D.Sc. ee, a L.H.D. from the University of Denver, and a D. from Colorado College.

r. Gustavson has served as professor of chemistry at orado Agricultural College, the University of Denver, the University of Colorado. In 1943 he became presi- of the University of Colorado, and in 1945 he was made vice-president and dean of faculties of the University of Chicago. In 1946 Dr. Gustavson became chancellor of the University of Nebraska, the position which he held just prior to his present one with Resources for the Future.

Outstanding in the field of chemistry, Dr. Gustavson is a member of several honorary fraternities including Phi Beta Kappa and of several chemical and medical societies and boards, as well as being a contributor to chemical and scientific journals.

This year's graduating class contains sixty-eight candidates for degrees. Graduates receiving a Bachelor of Arts degree are:

Amanda Adams, Charlotte; Charles Stanford Armstrong, Charlotte; Rebecca Jane Basinger, Charlotte; Marjorie Allen Blankenship, Charlotte; Martha Julia Brackett, Pickens, S. C.; Mary Ruth Bradley, Charlotte; Nelle DeLaughter Bush, North Augusta, S. C.; Frank Pernill Carter, Charlotte; Jane Smith Craig, Charlotte; Elizabeth Anne Cross, Rocky Mount, N. C.; Kathleen Patricia Deady, Roanoke, Va.; Anita Ruth Dixon, Charlotte; Gloria Ellen Garr, Charlotte; Marianne Gills, Bluefield, W. Va.; Oros Leo Hancock, Jr., Charlotte; Virginia Lynn Heagney, Habana, Cuba; Gloria Jenell Ivie, Seneca, S. C.; Jacqueline Ramseur Jetton, Charlotte; Peggy Crider Johnston, Charlotte; Patricia Laird, Panama City, Fla.; Elizabeth Carolyn LeGette, St. Charles, S. C.; Frances Caroline Love, Charlotte; Ada Lee McAuley, Charlotte; Mary Wilson McLaney, Charlotte; Helen McNeely, Mooresville, N. C.; Catherine McSwain, Charlotte; Barbara Anne Mauldin, Charlotte; Carolyn Gertrude Moffat, Rock Hill, S. C.; Elizabeth Ann Parker, Rocky Mount, N. C.; Florence Eleanor Pearson, Charlotte; Margaret Alexander Schermerhorn, Concord, N. C.; Phyllis Nickles Scutt, Kingsport, Tenn.; Faith Gottlieb Sinkoe, Charlotte; Laura Elizabeth Speissegger, Charleston, S. C.; Marian Lee Sykes, Burlington, N. C.; Enola Thomas, Belton, S. C.; Patricia Shaw Tucker, Charlotte; Edward DeRoy Wells, Charlotte; Sarah Anne Williams, Charlotte; Sarah Irene Williams, Charlotte.

(Continued on page 9)

QUEENS COLLEGE PATRONS COMMITTE

THE Queens College Patrons Committee, composed of thirty-six young business and professional men of Charlotte, has been organized to maintain the Queens Patrons Association. K. Martin Waters, Jr., is chairman of the Patrons Committee; Frank Dowd, III, is vice chairman; and McAlister Carson, Jr., is secretary. McDaniel B. Jackson and Charles J. Henderson have met with the officers in the planning sessions. On April 27 a dinner was held in the college dining hall honoring the Patrons Committee. It is hoped that this dinner will become an annual event.

The Patrons Association, organized in 1952, is composed of persons who give $100 or more annually to the operating budget of the college. Members of the association agree to continue their annual gifts unless circumstances arise that make such continuation impractical. The members of the committee have as their responsibility the maintaining and enlarging of the patrons group, and they have laid plans to make a concentrated effort during the year to increase the number of college patrons to 250. An attained goal of 250 patrons would bring the operational budget to $25,000 a year. This plan represents a form of living endowm used by a number of colleges and universities.

The members of the Queens College Patrons Comm are K. Martin Waters, chairman; Frank Dowd, III, chairman; McAlister Carson, Jr., secretary; James R. All William M. Barnhardt, Henderson Belk, Irwin E Thomas M. Belk, Donald G. Bryant, James R. Bryant, J Layton Choate, III, Morton Church, Jr., John L. Crist Parks H. Dalton, Jr., Robert I. Dalton, Jr., R. Stuart D son, Jr., Ray Efird, Richard Glasgow, E. G. Griffith, Jr B. Graham, III.

In addition Thomas C. Hayes, Jr., Charles J. Hende Ernest B. Hunter, Jr., George M. Ivey, Jr., Dr. Charle Jarrett, David R. Johnston, Edward Lilly, McDanie Jackson, C. Gates Kimball, Walter Lambeth, Jr., John McDonald, Jr., Paul P. McGarity, Jr., Joseph McLaugh Jr., R. Theodore McLaughlin, Charles M. Marshall, F ard O'Hair, William M. Scruggs, Jr., Victor Shaw, James Wilcox, Jr., are members of the committee.

—L

May Day Festival

ELIZABETH LUCAS, of Burgaw, N. C. was crowned May Queen by Maid of Honor, Phyllis Scutt of Kingsport, Tenn., at the tenth annual May Day Festival of Queens on Friday, May 6. The members of the Queen's court dressed in blue, yellow, pink, and green, were: Shirley Ferrell, Charlotte, N. C.; Emilia Hutchinson, Elizabethtown, N. C.; Anna McAlpin, Blackshear, Ga.; Barbara Minogue, Charlotte, N. C.; Jacqueline Rolston, Richmond, Va.; Barkley Thomas, Sanford, N. C.; Betty Gray, Raleigh, N. C.; Mary Lynn Gregg, Florence, S. C.; Jo Hall, Covington, Tenn.; Betty Bowen, Tallahassee, Fla.; Jane Basinger, Charlotte, N. C.; Elizabeth Camp, Charlotte, N. C.; Charis Julian, Charlotte, N. C.; Kay Brandon, Charlotte, N. C.; Zelime Dickson, Manning, S. C.; and Sarah Boyce, Lancaster, S. C.

After the coronation the members of the modern and social dance classes saluted her Majesty with Continental Greetings from England, Sweden, Spain, Paris, Palestine, Switzerland, Arabia, and America. Lovely costumes depicted each country. Solo dances were presented by Susa Branch, Carolyn Cooper and Elizabeth Lipscomb, ar duet was given by Ruth Reynolds and Kay Brook.

That evening the greetings were continued as "Queens of the Sea" paid their tribute to the queen. S China, France, Germany, and the American Indian represented in this part of the pageant.

Phyllis Scutt was the chairman of the May Day gram. Jane Basinger headed the theme committee and assisted by Mary Lois Ridings of Spindale, N. C., Breyman of Winter Haven, Fla., and Barkley Tho Cecile Money of Shelbyville, Ky., aided by Miss Sara D lap of the home economics department, was in charg costumes, and Anne Mauldin, Charlotte, was in charg properties. Ann Timanus, Charlotte, was program c man for "Queens of the Sea." Miss Nancy Maples of physical education department supervised the entire gram.

—K. S

Redecoration of Hut

The plans which were made last fall for the redecoration the Hut have been executed by Queens students and e of the workmen. A committee from the Student Gov- ment Association, composed of Sally Bullock, Cecile ney, and Shirley Ferrell, organized the work which was e. The freshman and sophomore classes were responsible the painting, and the junior class was responsible for king the curtains.

The entrance hall and the large and small living rooms e included in the redecoration plans. The entrance hall ls were painted aspen green, and the floor was covered n a rubber runner. Potted plants were placed around hall.

The small living room walls were painted sand beige, the curtains were chosen to blend with the walls. The fireplace wall in the large living room was papered with a tropical motif. The remaining walls were painted confetti yellow to harmonize with the wall paper. Four chairs were re-upholstered and new curtains were made. The wall seating arrangement on one side of the room was removed to make the room less formal-looking, and new lighting fixtures were installed.

Several organizations on campus contributed to the redecoration fund, and the sophomore class donated to the Hut committee the proceeds from their breakfast-in-bed project.

Mrs. Rosalie Henderson, a Queens alumna and an interior decorator, has shown much interest in this project and supervised the work that was done. —M. C.

TWO FACULTY MEMBERS RETIRE

Two members of the Queens College faculty are retiring he end of this school year. They are Mrs. Elsie Stokes seley and Miss Katherine Eloise Rankin.

Mrs. Moseley, a native of New York City, attended the ional Conservatory of Music in New York. She also nded summer sessions at New York University in 1911 at Winthrop College in 1937, 1938, and 1939. Before came to Charlotte, Mrs. Moseley taught at the National servatory and gave private lessons in organ and voice well as in piano. She has also played concert piano and mpaniments professionally.

While Mrs. Moseley lived in New York, she was organist choir director at the Trinity Episcopal Church in oklyn. She has continued her church work in Charlotte, ing as organist and choir director at several churches he city. Among them are Myers Park Presbyterian, First sbyterian, and Second Presbyterian Churches. Mrs. seley has been active in other ways since she came to arlotte. She has taught privately, and she belongs to the Charlotte Music Club and the National Organ Guild. Mrs. Moseley taught at Queens for several years and then left to raise her two daughters, returning as a piano teacher in the music department.

Miss Rankin, originally from Charlotte, is an alumna of Queens College. She received her masters degree in education at Columbia University in 1941. In addition she attended a summer session at Davidson College in 1939.

Miss Rankin began her teaching career in the Mecklenburg County elementary schools. After teaching in the Birmingham, Alabama, county schools for five years, she returned to Charlotte to serve in turn as secretary to the superintendent of schools, assistant superintendent, and supervisor. Miss Rankin is a member of the American Association of University Professors and the American Childhood Education Association for Student Teachers. She came to Queens in 1950 to teach elementary education.

—S. B.

PANHELLENIC WEEK-END

April 1 and 2 was Stardust Weekend on the Queens campus, sponsored by Panhellenic Council. On Friday night an informal dance was held in the gym. Records were played for informal dancing, and tables and cards were provided for bridge.

On Saturday afternoon a picnic was held at Freedom Park. At 7:30 P.M. the Princeton Glee Club gave a concert in Belk Chapel. The weekend was highlighted by the Stardust Dance on Saturday night. The gym was decorated with stars, and the bandstand was covered with blue decorations and stars. The music was furnished by Billy Knauff and his band. At intermission refreshments of ginger ale, ice cream, and cookies were served.

The members of Panhellenic Council and their dates were presented at intermission. The representatives of the sororities were: Ann Beckman, Nan Breyman, and Mary Lois Ridings for Chi Omega; Marjory Carter and Frankie Compton for Kappa Delta; Mary Jack Rolston and Peppy Scutt for Phi
Mary Jo Patton and Marianne Gills
Alpha Delta Pi; and Ruth Williams
Catherine Baker for Alpha Gar
Delta. As these girls were presented,
band played "Stardust" to carry out
theme of the dance. After the prese
tion and the figure one dance was p
ed especially for the members of
hellenic Council and their dates.

After the dance couples went to
sorority houses for more refreshm
and singing. —J

STUDENT LEADERS

In picture left to right of first row: Peggy Brice, *President of Student Government Association;* Mary Jo Patton, *President of Day Student Council;* Libby Gunn, *President of Queens Christian Association. Second row:* Jessie Scott, *President of Boarding Student Council;* Anne Turpin, *President of the Recreation Association;* and Bobbie Minogue, *Editor of the* CORONET.

Campus Highlights . . .

BLUE QUILL EXECUTIVE STAFF

In picture left to right are: Lindsay Marshall, *Artist;* Mary Louise Duffie, *Make-Up Editor;* Mary Ann Dover, *Literary Editor;* Sylvia Stuart, *Editor-in-Chief;* Caroline McIlwaine, *News Editor;* Chess Duckwall, *Business Manager.*

UDENT WINS SCHOLARSHIP

Mildred Reid, a Queens College ior from Statesville, N. C., was a ner in the student musicians audi- ns of the North Carolina Federation Music Clubs, which were held on Duke University campus on March As a winner Mildred received a 0 Duke-House Memorial Scholar- p, given by Mrs. Edna Duke Patter- of Shelby, N. C. The winning of audition made Mildred eligible to er the district competition which was d at Wesleyan Conservatory, Macon, rgia, on March 26.

Mildred is a student of Mr. Earl Berg, ciate professor of music at Queens. e is a voice major as well as a public- ol music major.

—M. G.

AWARDS DAY

May 18th has been designated as Awards Day at Queens College. During the assembly period awards will be presented to the students who have done outstanding work in various fields.

A cup given by the Charlotte Panhellenic Council will be awarded to the freshman with the highest scholastic average. The sorority with the highest average will receive a cup from the Queens Panhellenic Council. The Sigma Mu award for the best piece of creative work and the Jernigan Journalistic award for outstanding work on the *Blue Quill* will be presented also.

Kappa Delta Sorority will gave an award in the field of science, and Chi Omega will give a similar award in social studies. At this time also the winners of the temperance essay contest will be announced. An announcement will be made also of the list of Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities and of the new Queens Marshals.

—P. S.

TAPPINGS

Two honorary fraternities on the Queens campus recently held tapping ceremonies during student assemblies. On March 23 Sigma Upsilon, national honorary fraternity for writers, tapped the following: Mrs. W. P. Cumming, Davidson, N. C.; Anne Mauldin and Margaret Dick, Charlotte; Peggy Brice, Chester, S. C.; Mary Ann Dover and

(Continued on page 31)

As We See It . . .

A Changing Queens

In recent years Queens has undergone a remarkable change in administration, faculty, and physical expansion. The freshmen, of course, have not been able to realize the alterations which have come about. But those of us who have been here for the past three or four years have witnessed this great change in the college.

We have had three men to lead us in less than four years—Dr. Jernigan, Mr. Everett, and Dr. Walker. Under the outstanding leadership of Dr. Jernigan Queens began to be noticed as being a most progressive educational institution. New buildings were added; the faculty was improved; standards were raised. The successor of Dr. Jernigan, Mr. H. H. Everett, served our college as acting president for the school year 1953-1954. Through the tireless and unselfish work of Mr. Everett we continued to progress. The David Ovens Physical Education Building and Belk Dormitory were dedicated while Mr. Everett served our college. New faculty members strengthened various departments; an increase in enrollment was noted. And since the arrival of Dr. Walker, Queens has continued to advance in becoming one of the finest liberal-arts colleges the South.

The physical appearance of Queens has greatly chan in recent years. We have added four new buildings to campus—Belk Chapel, the Stultz Building, the Mary Ir Belk Residence Hall, and the David Ovens Physical E cation Building. We have not only added new structu but we have also renovated the interiors of many of buildings. All rooms in the dormitories have been pain the infirmary and Burwell Hall parlors have been red rated. Another facility which has improved the phys appearance of Queens is Diana's Den. This place for lowship and relaxation was made possible in 1952 by Jernigan. Diana's Den is certainly a welcome change fr the old Y-Store in the basement of Burwell Hall.

Our college, therefore, has changed considerably in past few years. We are confident that under the guida of Dr. Walker Queens will continue to progress in b academic standards and physical expansion.

—S

A Regretted Loss

It is with regret that Queens loses two members of the staff, Mr. Carl Storey and Mr. David Pugh, who have handed in their resignations. Both men have served the college for the past several years.

Mr. Storey came to Queens in 1950 as associate professor of accounting and economics. He taught in the business department until 1952 when he became treasurer and business manager of the college. In addition to balancing the budget, Mr. Storey has kept tabs on the maintenance of the dining hall and the dormitories. He also has brought about the redecorating and remodeling of several campus buildings. A new dormitory and a new gymnasium have been built during his administration. Upon leaving Queens Mr. Storey will become business manager of the Hotchkiss School in Lakeville, Connecticut.

In 1951 Mr. Pugh came to Queens to establish an even college and to take over the direction of the summer sch Under the guidance of Mr. Pugh the evening college rollment has grown to almost seven hundred, and he lea with the hope that the enrollment will double itself the next few years. When he leaves Queens, Mr. Pu will become industrial co-ordinator for the Ohio Mecha Institute in Cincinnati, Ohio.

It will take two very capable men to fill the vacan left by the resignations of Mr. Storey and Mr. Pugh. B men have contributed greatly toward making Queens better college. We wish both much success in their n positions.

—M. A.

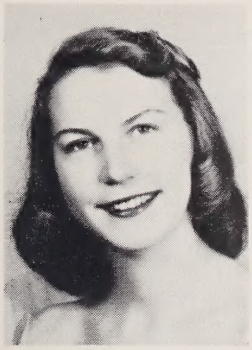
A Call For Responsibility

It has been called to the attention of the staff of the *Blue Quill* that there have been many instances of rule violation at Queens this year. This seems to be particularly true of rules pertaining to social activities. Most rules are not made to be broken; they are made because a need for them has been discerned, and they would not be made unless there was a purpose for them. I believe that we can say that this is true of most of the rules at Queens. Perhaps if the students at Queens realized actually how lenient the rules here are as compared with those of some women's colleges and how much discretion is left up to the students and how much trust this leniency places in them, they would be more likely to obey these rules and respect them. In comparison with the Queens rules there are some colleges that limit the number of times a freshman may go down town per week, prohibit the freshmen from riding in cars without permission, and require that all students who go out in cars at night be an hour earlier than the other students. When we comp rules such as these with the relatively lenient ones at Quee we must realize how much more trust Queens places the students' judgment and that the rules that are made ones that are necessary and are for the good of the stude

If the students do not adhere to these rules, however, a continue deliberately to violate them, it will become perative that certain of the students' privileges be retract Therefore, it is our responsibility as Queens students uphold these rules and to realize and be worthy of the tr placed in us. In this way we may continue to be a coll which may be proud of its leniency in rules and of fact that they are so because of the positive attitude of students towards them.

—C. M

TRIBUTE TO AN EDITOR



The *Blue Quill* staff and the student body wish to ex-ss our gratitude and appreciation to Betty Cross, editor the *Blue Quill* for 1954-1955. Betty has been active in blications work during her entire college career. Before ng elected editor, she was a typist, reporter, and the ws editor.

Betty has taken part in other extra-curricular activities. e is a member of Alpha Kappa Gamma and Sigma Up-n. In addition, she has served on Boarding Student uncil and was Boar's Head Bearer.

Through her untiring efforts, therefore, Betty Cross has de our college magazine worthy of being called "the ce of Queens." —S. S.

THANKS TO MR. BARNHARDT

We wish to thank Mr. William H. Barnhardt for pre-ting to each member of the Queens family a copy of *ily Light,* a collection of thoughts and inspirations from Bible for each day of the year.

t was through his friendship with Dr. Herbert Spaugh, nister of the Little Church on the Lane, that Mr. Barn-dt became acquainted with *Daily Light.* He was so im-ssed by this volume that he sent to England for five usand copies to give to his friends and business asso-tes. Harper and Brothers, who are now publishing the votional because of Mr. Barnhard's interest, have sent n a second lot of five thousand books.

A member of the Board of Trustees and Executive Com-ttee of Queens College since 1950, Mr. Barnhardt has ays shown a particular interest in Queens; and we are st grateful to him for this latest act of kindness.

—M. D.

THE CUT SYSTEM

The eight or nine class cuts that Queens students enjoy a privilege which has been misused by some students. e fact that our college allows this number of cuts should w that Queens has a consistent and conscientious stu-nt body. Most of our students do attend class regularly, t those few who cut class the full number permitted pardize this distinct privilege.

There are times, of course, when it becomes necessary cut a class. Long traveling distances to homes, student vernment responsibilities, and illnesses are factors which ke cutting justifiable if they are not overdone. But cut-g because one has not prepared the assignment, fears a p" test, or desires to go shopping is not justifiable. Most en it is those who really need to attend class who cut n the slightest reason.

It is, therefore, time that some of us as college students use judgment in cutting class. By this time we should realize our responsibilities and our need to be consistent in all that we do. If we are not already consistent, let us begin by attending class consistently; for the whole cut system is being jeopardized by a few. —G. B.

APPRECIATION TO CRITIC TEACHERS

One of the most important activities of many of the seniors is practice teaching. Not only is this practice teaching a part of their education courses, but it is also basic in their training for vocations in the teaching profession. The seniors in practice teaching, therefore, are making every effort to do successful and efficient jobs.

In the grammar schools and in the junior and senior high schools all over the city of Charlotte and the county of Mecklenburg, these seniors are receiving expert guidance and kind encouragement from experienced and highly-trained teachers. These teachers are contributing their time and efforts to bring about the successful training of the practice teachers.

We wish to express our gratitude to these teachers for their guidance, their understanding, their time and efforts.

—B. C.

GRADUATION SPEAKERS

(Continued from page 3)

Graduating with a Bachelor of Science degree are:

Lucy Anne Allen, Pilot Mountain, N. C.; Jean Phillips Barnes, Charlotte; Mary Bettis Bouknight, Charlotte; Annabelle Breyman, Winter Haven, Fla.; Ara Katherine Brown, Ivanhoe, N. C.; Harold M. Brown, Charlotte; Elizabeth Cabell Camp, Charlotte; Adelaide Ray Clark, Newland, N. C.; Eleanor Joan Collard, Rock Hill, S. C.; Ann Woltz Currie, Carthage, N. C.; Kathryn Jane Faires, Charlotte; Anna Jacqueline Fitzgerald, Charlotte; George Anne Flowe, Charlotte; Eloise Parker Gettys, Camden, S. C.; Jennie Louise Hobson, Piedmont, S. C.; Emilia McKay Hutchinson, Elizabethtown, N. C.; Mary Lou Johnston, Charlotte; Nancy Marie Johnston, Charlotte; Jane Charis Gilbert Julian, Charlotte; Elizabeth Fairly Lucas, Burgaw, N. C. Bertha Kathryn Myers, Charlotte; Marjorie Ann Myers, Laurinburg, N. C.; Mary Carolyn Newton, Charlotte; Martha Mildred Reid, Statesville, N. C.; Patricia Ann Rhodes, Mooresville, N. C.; Mary Lois Ridings, Spindale, N. C.; Roy Stuart Smith, Jr., Charlotte; and Mildred Brandon Taylor, Rocky Mount, N. C.

—C. Mc.

Browsing . . . . . .

Williamson, Audrey: *Gilbert and Sullivan* Opera, Rockcliffe Publishing Company, London: 1954, 292 pp. Illustrated. $5.00

WORDS AND MUSIC

Many books have been entitled *Gilbert and Sullivan,* but most of them have discussed Gilbert only. Miss Williamson's book is a delightful exception to the rule. In a witty and scholarly manner she takes one through the fourteen Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

The author has not written to familiarize one with the operas or composers although she discusses both. It is her intention to criticize the works. Miss Williamson is conservative, but one may find some of her criticisms to be incredible. Few people would agree with her that the Metropolitan Opera would do well to produce the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan or that they are as great as the works of Mozart, Rossini, and Strauss.

Many authors have neglected Sullivan, but Miss Williamson has written many facts and a few fallacies about him. Since Sullivan wrote musical satire, it is hardly wise to compare many of his characteristics with those of other composers. An absurd parallel, for example, was drawn between him and Wagner. The only basis for the comparison was his use of the Wagnerian *leitmotive* in the opera *Iolanthe.* This use of the *lietmotive* was very obviously satire. A more logical comparison was made between the style of Sullivan and Mozart. Both have a light, lilting, melody line with precise rhythm.

Among the characteristics of Gilbert's verse Miss Williamson has named these: a formula that can be applied to any situation if "Gilbertian logic" is employed, a highly developed talent for satire, an essentially English point of view, and a genius for rhyming the impossible. The only fresh note in her criticism is the comparison made between Gilbert's verse and that of Herrick and Shakespeare.

The author's own ideas are best seen in her comments on the tradition of style. Unlike many Gilbert and Sullivan students, Miss Williamson believes that fresh interpretations of roles would improve the quality of the performances and give them more appeal to the modern audience.

Gilbert and Sullivan enthusiasts will look forward to seeing more of Miss Williamson's work.

Sharlene Morris

Oldenbourg, Zoe: *The Cornerstone,* Pantheon Books Inc., New York, 1954, 482 pp. $4.50.

A BIT OF THE MIDDLE AGES

Zoe Oldenbourg, who achieved immediate fame upon the publication of her first novel, *The World Is Not Enough,* has again won the critics' acclaim with her second book, *The Cornerstone.* This latest novel—which has been awarded the coveted French literary prize, the Prix Femina—takes the reader back into the early thirteenth century France of Philip the Fair when tournaments and courtly love were the fashion, when manor lords ruled with ruthless power, and religious warfare ravaged the countryside.

When the old baron Ansiau of Linnieres left his family and estate to journey to the Holy Land, he placed his son Herbert le Gros in charge of his manor; and he departed for Jerusalem haunted by the memory of his beloved bastard daughter, Eglantine, who was as beautiful and desirable as she was strange and wild. Although Herbert was not accepted wholeheartedly by the peasants as the rightful lord, he easily replaced his father and secretly hoped the old man would fail to return. Herbert's first act of authority was to prepare for the knighting of his legitimate son, Haguenier. Haguenier reluctantly returned from Normandy for the ceremony and became enamoured with unobtainable Lord of Mongenost's wife, Marie. While Haguenier was submitting to the trials enforced upon him by this lady, Herbert grew obsessed with an amorous hatred for his half-sister, Eglantine. After humiliating and seducing her, he compelled her to ma Macaire, the swineherd, because scorned his further advances. Bea yet vengeful, Eglantine avowed: " thou who hast allowed me to be honored by a villain, though I be th own Father's daughter, let thy sha fall upon thy head and upon all family, since thou hast allowed th own blood to suffer such disgrace. bull-face, thou art feasting thy son the great house and I am not bidde the feast. But I shall learn such wo and spells that I shall make him thy fair son, and his children, and thy cursed race."

The remainder of the book recou the vindication of Eglantine's cu Herbert finally meets death at the witting hand of one of his own s Haguenier, forced to marry Isabe many years his senior, suffers the mar dom of unrequited love when separa from Marie. Ansiau dies alone and mourned in the land of the Mosle And Ernaut, Herbert's favorite son bastard, tragically ends his own life despair. Eglantine herself is fat wounded by the enraged peasantry finds at last peace in death.

The Cornerstone is not light, fri ous reading. Heavy with violence, c pletely immersed in the Middle A it is a remarkable historical novel. *London Times Literary Supplem* praised: "Mme. Oldenbourg has only a vivid perception of the Mid Ages and a sound knowledge of its stitutions, but also an instinctive und standing of the medieval mind, its my cal emotions, its superstitious terrors its powerfully creative sense of beau As we turn her pages, it is not France of Philip the Fair which see remote but the fragmentary mod world, with its disjointed and contra tory preoccupations, while the 'Cor stone' of Christian faith and chiva rises foursquare and without a rift.

—Margaret D

Faulkner, William: *A Fable*, Random ouse, New York: 1954, 437 pp., $4.75.

THIRTEEN MUTINIED

In a characteristic torrent of sound d fury *A Fable* has streamed from the perienced pen of William Faulkner. he author has in this novel, his latest, deavored to create his own modern rsion of the week of the Passion, ploying fictitious events and people hich are manipulated in a startling rallel. How closely this fable of odern-day suffering and sacrifice is ended to parallel the sacrifice of two ousand years ago is indeed a disturb- question for the believer, if not the eptic. Taken literally, it would seem rse than vain to produce a "modern rsion" of the one Passion that trans- nds the limitations of time and is not ly past, present, and future—but rnity itself. Taken not quite so lit- lly, the parallel to Passion Week uld not in itself be so objectionable the author had not, even in suggest- the events of the Passion, used sym- s which were in themselves repre- tative of human behavior at its low- levels of depravity. Faulkner's pas- n must remain an essentially human ustration of human suffering and sac- ce told with his usual emphasis on n's inhumanity to man.

The action of the novel takes place ring one week in the midst of the ming warfare in the trenches of nce, 1918. From the very first page rsts forth a raging current that sweeps ng in a sound and fury of war-torn zens frenzied with anxiety and dread d battle-weary soldiers half mad with gore of fighting and the ceaseless, seless struggle. The hue and cry unts with increasing intensity, at too- g last disclosing to the bewildered der, who has by this time covered a od two hundred pages of three-hun- d word sentences, the object of the roar. The din is being made over rteen men who have succeeded in rsuading their whole regiment to rise m their trenches at the signal to ack and march unarmed toward the emy. The purpose of the mass sur- der is to encourage the equally battle- ary foe to lay down their arms also d so end the four years of strife. The e of the mutinous regiment and its gleaders constitutes the suspense of e novel. In such things as the betrayal the eleven men and their leader by a elfth, the death of the leader before iring squad on a central post between o thieves tried by the army court, and the parts played by three women—Marya, Marthe, and Magda—the parallels are drawn to the Bible Passion. The torrent of action does not flow into a calm sea of concluding hope, but rather plunges abruptly off a cliff in a cataract of despair. Perhaps the only admirable or uplifting aspect of the events themselves is the leader's determination to die rather than to desert his men.

From an artistic or stylistic point of view, however, Faulkner must be credited with a superb piece of work. He has in this novel, as in most of his other writings, achieved a master effect of a powerfully moving whole out of vaguely delineated characters gripped almost uncontrollably by graphically described events. Who and what the people *are* is largely an enigma, but what happens *to* them the reader can never forget. With the attraction of a sort of horrid fascination this impact of effects is also seen in the startling, disturbing symbolism, the piercing insight into man's inner thoughts, the analysis of a world war and the motives and actions of its combatants, the electrifying passages of prose description, and the almost inhuman vitality of the novel as a whole. The work is certainly well worth reading if only to experience personally these skillful strokes of Faulkner artistry. But while creating a mature growth of rich description, Faulkner has portrayed a spiritual desert, devoid of every vestige of hope, faith, goodness, virtue, and love. In an age when man needs desperately to be uplifted and to be made to realize the possibilities of his nobler self dedicated to his God, it is certainly regrettable that a man of Faulkner's ability should consistently use his talents to emphasize man's cruelty, suffering, violence, sin, and despair. Perhaps Faulkner cannot be criticized for portraying man and his world as he honestly sees them through his own eyes, but the supersaturated reader, weary of the sound and fury *ad infinitum, ad nauseatum,* might well cry, enough!

—Lindsay Marshall

Thompson, Morton: *Not As A Stranger*, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York: 1954, 696 pp., $4.75.

AN INSIGHT INTO MEDICINE

Not As A Stranger is the story of Lucas Marsh who cares about but one thing: the practice of medicine. Because this one desire is more important to him than anything else he is "a stranger in the world." From Lucas Marsh's strange childhood, marred by conflicts between his parents, to his establishing a small-town general practice, *Not As A Stranger* gives us the life—a dramatic life—of a dedicated man whose central purpose in life was to fight for life.

Lucas Marsh, the son of a rascally father and a mystically fanatic mother, grew up a small town; and from his earliest days his one desire was to be a doctor. Although he is opposed in this by his family, he enters medical school. But his father goes bankrupt, his mother dies, and Lucas is faced with the prospect of being dismissed from school for lack of money. To save his career he marries Kristina, head operating-room nurse, and she finances the remainder of his schooling. After school Lucas joins Dr. Ruckleman in Greenville to practice medicine with him. While practicing Lucas is faced with a series of situations which almost make him give up his central purpose in life, but in the end he realizes that no matter what a man's purpose be in life he cannot stand alone.

Not As A Stranger is a long and powerful novel; it has many effects upon the reader. At times it is brutal, yet poignant; but, it is always engrossing. The reader does not want to lay it aside, so compelling is its content. It reminds the reader of another great novel about a devoted doctor, *Arrowsmith* by Sinclair Lewis. The two books are alike in many respects, but in this reader's mind *Not As A Stranger* surpasses *Arrowsmith* and will gain a greater place in American literature. This is shown by the fact that Morton Thompson's book has been well up in the best seller's list for over a year and shows no evidence of slipping. It is then safe to assume that this powerful novel is one of the best novels in current literature, a place it well deserves. It is indeed sad that Mr. Thompson did not live to see the success of his last novel.

—Gary Brady

Overstreet, Harry and Bonaro: *The Mind Alive*, W. W. Norton, New York: 1954, 333 pp., $3.50.

HELP FOR THE MIND

The Mind Alive, an excellent book written for the intelligent layman, deals with emotional well-being and the hopes and hazards of mental health. The book is divided into two parts, "Toward Emotional Well-Being" and "The Hazard and the Hope."

The co-authors stress the importance of the personality's recuperative powers. They remind us that all of us have been stung by cutting words; that at times we have all wished that the floor would open up and swallow us. This is normal to a certain extent, they explain, for the human personality is sensitive. Yet we recover from humiliating experiences; soon they are things of the past. However, the unstable person who lacks emotional resilience cannot easily forgive and forget. Hence he bears many festering, unhealed psychological wounds.

According to the authors, the person with the happy powers of resilience is in a state of psychological well-being. But what about the unhappy neurotic or psycosomatic who is so filled with inner conflict that he lacks recuperative powers?

The Overstreets relate the basic steps toward emotional well-being. The treatment of "talking it out" has been joked about by writers and cartoonists. The Overstreets, however, present clearly and convincingly the theories behind this system of cure. As the patient discusses his problems with a therapist or a sympathetic friend, he begins to come out of himself. By reasoning the problem out so that he can put it into words, the patient begins to look at himself objectively rather than subjectively.

The talking-it-out method is not a guaranteed cure for any problem. In order to advance toward a more wholesome personality we must accept ourselves. This does not mean that we should belittle ourselves, nor does it mean that we should blindly inflate our ego. Realizing that we as human beings are not infallible, we must take inventory of what we can and cannot do and then accept our findings.

The mind that is turned inward is not a healthy mind. We cannot be healthy if we disregard others and worry constantly about ourselves. Such action can result only in inner conflict and failure to accept reality. Only by loving others can we achieve real mental health and happiness. Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, in watching the water-snakes, turned his mind away from himself and thought about the water creatures. Suddenly:

> "A spring of love gushed from my heart,
> And I blessed them unaware."

When the Mariner's mind turned outward to love something other than himself, the albatross, the symbol of his guilt, fell from his neck.

As the mind turns outward, we begin to achieve a sense of belonging. We find ourselves able to work co-operatively in a group of other human beings. Then the mind is well on the way to acquiring real stability and health.

The second part of the book, "The Hazard and the Hope," deals with the healthy mind in today's world. The threats, the tensions, the hopes, and the fears of the modern world are certainly intense enough to create a nation of neurotics. In this section of the book the Overstreets tell how it is possible to overcome these problems and to deal with them sanely. The healthy mind backed by a strong faith in God can overcome the terrifying threats of Communism and biological warfare.

The Overstreets write with clarity and intelligence. They do not write above the head of the intelligent layman by using highly technical psychological terms. *The Mind Alive* is the kind of book that is hard to put down. "Just one more chapter" easily becomes ten or fifteen more chapters. The world would not be so full of chaos and conflict if more people had access to the good sound knowledge and common sense which the Overstreets give in *The Mind Alive*.

—Betsy Goodykoontz

• • • • • • • • • • •

THESE THINGS YOU'LL REMEMBER

Mary Ann Dover

Dear Seniors,

Sixteen years is a long time to spend in school, but in a few days it will all be over for most of you. Graduation, the day you've looked forward to for the past four years, is almost here. It's useless to say, "Don't ever forget Queens," because you can't forget Queens. There are certain things, certain memo about the college that will stay with always.

You'll always remember the day arrived at Queens. Unfamiliar friendly people showed you where to and what to do, and helped you do You tried to remember names but s found you were doing a poor job o because there were so many. W your parents left, you suddenly had feeling of being alone in a crowd. you began to make so many new frie that the feeling left before you reali it.

At the end of an Orientation W full of tests and speeches came dance with the Davidson freshmen, first of many Davidson dances. friendships that developed from t dance proved to have future value many of you!

Then classes started, and so did that staggering homework. You'll ne forget many of your classroom periences, and mental images of y professors will stay with you alwa Those of you who had Miss Taylor Bible will remember learning chap heads. Miss Nooe's biology students remember taking field trips and secting low forms of life. The stude in Mr. Norman's chemistry class remember learning that metals are ma and non-metals are females. You ca possibly forget the way you felt the f time Miss Tillett called on you English. You will always rememb however, the English you learned in class.

When Rush Week came, those of who went out had an exciting ti going to the parties, but you did a lot hoping and you kept your fingers cr ed. Then the big moment came, a you were thrilled to death. You'd ma it! As a pledge you had more work do than before, but you didn't rea mind.

That first Christmas dance will ways hold a few memories for y but the real Christmas spirit and exc ment came when you went home the holidays. Almost all of your high-school friends were there, and was wonderful to see them again. Th was so much to talk about, and so ma parties to go to.

After mid-term exams (another f for some of you) you became m resigned to college life. Second semes didn't seem as long as first semest and before long school was out for summer.

When your sophomore year came, ı found yourselves on the giving end everything you had received as a shman. The things that had thrilled ı so much the year before became re matter-of-fact. Then your junior r came, and some members of your ss didn't return. Additional fraternity s and rings kept life far from being l.

Almost sooner than you imagined you re seniors. It didn't quite seem possi- that your last year of school had ed around. Somehow you didn't l quite as grown-up as you had ught you would feel when you got ɔe seniors. Things that were thrilling r freshman year became, during your ior year, sentimental things—the vidson dances, the Christmas and ng dances here, the last Davidson tball game. When you went home Christmas, there was a little sad- s mixed with your gaiety because r home-town friends had become ttered and they weren't all there to over old and new times.

Those of you who are going to teach your practice teaching this year, and was an experience you'll always re- mber. In spite of all the education rses you'd had, when you walked ɔ the classroom that first day you awfully dumb and blank. You won- ed just how successful you would be teachers and you hoped to high ven that your children would be on ir best behavior when Miss Rankin l Dr. Klein came to visit.

There are many other things you l remember, such as sorority beach s, the first time somebody in your ss got pinned, appearances before ncil, letters which you waited for impatiently, telephone calls which illed you to death, chow mein for ner in the dining hall, earrings and ls for Friday night dress, the new m and the new gym, and so many er things. When you get your lomas in a few weeks, you'll be going n one phase of life into another, but ı will not be leaving the old phase ind you. You'll be taking parts of vith you, parts which you will remem- every time you go to a football ne, every time you see a college girl aring a fraternity pin, and every time browse in a bookstore. These things ı remember will become dearer to ı when your own children leave for ege and start collecting a few mem- s of their own.

Good-bye and the best of luck and ppiness to you.

MENACE TO SOCIETY

Sylvia Stuart

American children born since the depression of 1929 have grown up in a perilous and changing age. The lack of money resulting from the stock market crash has prevented many of these children from having a sense of financial security. The Second World War brought four years of bitter fighting in which many fathers were killed. The number of scientific inventions and discoveries has been astounding. The children of today, consequently, have lived in a time of great change. Man has flown faster than sound; the atomic bomb has been developed; television has become a new medium of communication. Thus, the life of the country moves along at a more rapid speed. And as a result of the changes which have occurred in American living, a sense of haste has crept into many homes. Family life, therefore, has been neglected because of the constant rush to get things done. Some of the children of the nation have been seriously affected by this age of fast movement. These youngsters have developed into juvenile delinquents.

At this time the United States has the highest number of juvenile delinquents in the history of the country. This social problem has spread over the entire nation and has become so serious that it is a menace to society. During the past summer teen-agers committed all kinds of vandalism. In Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, hoodlums brutally beat people on the beaches of this resort town. In Brooklyn, New York, a boy was found dead. He had been strung up by his feet. Young criminals did this dreadful act only for a thrill. Stores were broken into and robbed. Cars were stolen and destroyed. Many more crimes were committed by youngsters who were obsessed with the idea of destroying. And these atrocious acts are still being done by juvenile delinquents. Something must be done, therefore, to prevent this social problem from becoming even more serious than it is now.

Since the home is the place where a child begins to develop his personality, the fact is obvious than many of the causes for juvenile delinquency stem from this place. Many teen-age criminals live in slums. These run-down and squalid areas are inhabited by parents who put no emphasis on the importance of a good environment for the correct development of children. The father or mother is often an alcoholic. The children are sometimes compelled to provide the family's income. Children from slums, therefore, are unhappy, underprivileged individuals. When they commit crimes, they are often sent to reform schools. These places of retention are not the places for helping delinquent children to overcome their desire to commit crimes.

It is true that many juvenile delinquents come from the slums. Some wealthy and respectable homes, however, produce youngsters who have rebelled against society. The parents in these homes have neglected the importance of a close parent-child relationship. Because of the haste which persists in American life today, these people have not taken time to give their children the love and understanding which they need. The mother is often so engrossed in club and church work that she does not spend sufficient time with her children. The father is so busy making money that he allows his youngsters to do as they please. Consequently, the teen-agers of well-to-do parents have little contact with the persons who are supposed to guide and direct their early lives. These children often rebel against their neglect and exhaust their energies in vandalism.

Juvenile delinquency is a social problem which must be dealt with immediately. The problem concerns each individual of the entire nation. It is the duty of every person to see that slum areas are cleared. Then underprivileged children will have an environment which will be beneficial for the training of respectable citizens. Each wealthy parent, moreover, must realize that the actions of his children are largely influenced by the atmosphere which exists in the home. The parent, therefore, must strive to give his youngster all the love and understanding which he can. When the adult stops his furious pace of living and gives more time to his children, perhaps these small persons will have a better chance of not becoming menaces to American society—juvenile delinquents.

Poetry . . . . .

ANTITHESIS

Mary McLaney

A dancing breath across the earth light flew
And stirred the sleeping daffodil to wake.
This same sweet air with fuller passion blew
And stripped the trees and caused a storm to break.

In calm the sea spread girdling round the globe,
Its ceaseless moving face reflecting light.
With sudden rise it rent restraining robe;
It broke its bounds and put all peace to flight.

A spring sky, smiling, overarched the world
And touched its beam to every frozen land;
But soon the blue by sullen gray was pearled,
And frowning clouds flung hail and flaming brand.

So spirits two within one body dwell,
And good eternally must war with hell.

POOR LIGHT

Worth Spearman

Look out your window, dear, how sails the moon.
Our love's not cold as she, nor gone so soon.

The moon that blows across the deepless sky
Is blear, blue-white, and empty seeming. High
And smooth she sails, on perfect course, but old.
Beside our warm and springing love how cold—
How old. Her tale is told and nothing new
Or fresh can fetch more brightness to her hue.

How sad for her unthinking mass tonight
She cannot share our love, who share her light.

SUNRISE

Libby Gunn

Trees gold-gilded on one side,
Earth prisoned under shadow-bars
of black
The sun's pale case of milky white,
And blue, blue sky above.

AWAKENING

Libby Gunn

Awakened by the baby robin's hungry peep,
Dawn stretches sleepily and gives a humid yawn
Which settles silently in dew drops on the lawn.

Though pansies' faces still are screwed in slumber deep
The self-announcing sun makes known his course-to-be
Then peeks above horizon's edge most roguishly,

With flirting winks through high pine boughs where w
larks cheap,
He wakes the morning-glory with his beam's sweet k
And makes the poppy raise her crimson cheek in bl
So early-rising mortal flowers also reap
New life which comes to those who watch the world in M
Life leaf-clad arms to heav'n as dawn becomes a day.

INARTICULATE LOVE

Emmie Hay

Although my heart is full of things to say,
Of feelings deep and strong, of words of love,
Of love that keeps increasing every day,
My speechless, heavy tongue deigns not to move.

I gaze at you, the face that I adore,
Your eyes as blue as summer skies above;
My heart fills up, but no sweet words do pour
From out my mouth to tell you of my love.

So, when you speak of love in phrases free,
I only answer, dear—"I'm glad I'm me."

THE LATENT POWER OF SONG

Worth Spearman

A massive melody, a pouring song
Wells up with power to wrench my soul—so strong
My neck would burst. And I would sing so long
And joyously the world would split and quake
To hear the sound; the sound that I would make
Dwarfs ocean's roar, and powerful lions would shake
And slink into the rich, rank jungle's green.

The song I sing is of a gentle queen,
A royal maid that rules my heart, serene.
But certain, high displeasure I'd incur
If my song split the world because of her.
So, though I could and WOULD, I only purr.

THE SOURCE

WORTH SPEARMAN

We walked across the stubbled fields
And deeply breathed the crisping air.
We pressed the seeds the leaves concealed
Into the earth and left them there
To lie in wait for early spring.
We never thought ourselves to be
The sources of a narrow string
Of trees, nor did we look to see
The thistle, or the thorn, or burr
We carried on our coats. They dropped
Somewhere along our way. We were
Too happy then to know, but stopped
And held each other's hand and talked
And smiled our secret smile and walked.

PRING IS THE TIME FOR POETRY

MARY MCLANEY

ring is time for poetry—
oughts swelling like bursting buds on bare boughs;
ords unfolding like curling leaves on branches
but new green;
yme dropping like rain;
d rhythm flowing like jonquils bent beneath light,
moving air.
ring is time for poetry.

THE SONG ETERNAL

BETTY MCGEACHY

I dreamed I heard the music of the soul—
The chords that echo from the hearts of men.
In some the sounds were rich and pure and whole;
In others they were harsh with lust and sin.
From many came a careless, useless note;
From some, a sad and melancholy moan;
From some I heard a heavenly music float—
Love and service beautified the tone.
From many came the jangling of discord,
The clangor of those lives in bitter strife;
And yet these many sounds of deed and word
Together formed the symphony of life.
"The sound is harsh!" I cried. "But why?" And soon
I woke and found my own heart out of tune.

UNITY

Everyone has his own sure cure as to the ills of the world or at least his own opinion as to the cause of the ills. As I see it, one of the fundamental problems is unity versus disparity. The nations of the world are wondering, "How can we get together and stay together?" The United Nations has been struggling with this problem since it was formed. It seems impossible to bring people together while they are all pulling in different directions. It is my opinion that the nations of the world will never come together unless this idea of union is taken much further than just as a ominal organization, such as the U. N.

In order to bring large groups of people together into a union, there must be unity on the level of individuals also. Each person must feel a unity within himself. He must have a guiding purpose, one that is worthy of being such, and not let his abilities become diffuse and therefore powerless.

There must be unity with relation to each individual and his family. It must be recognized that marriage is the closest-knit sort of union, that the home is a unit pervaded and supported by selfless love. There must be a consciousness of oneness within each member of the unit. It has been said that a family that prays together *stays* together. The bonds of deep faith can help achieve a lasting union.

The religious groups themselves must re-awaken to their original purpose. This single purpose will pull these groups together into a strong force. As it is now, the religious groups have split among themselves, even within the de nominations. World unity can never be achieved as long as these conditions exist.

Every community, however large or small, must strive to gain a feeling of unity through unselfish service and a sincere interest in other people. As this is done, the nation will gather itself together into one strong unit and will also settle into its place beside the other nations.

The accomplishing of world unity is a chain with many links, each dependent on the other. No link can be added until the one before it is firmly in place. The whole chain is only as strong as the weakest link. World unity begins with the individual. It depends on *you*.

—Emmie Hay

ALUMNAE SPONSOR "BACK TO COLLEGE DAY"

To reacquaint themselves with the scholastic program of the college and to gain new ideas in their particular fields of interests, over one hundred alumnae attended the "Back to College Day" on March 16. Sponsored by the Charlotte-Mecklenburg Chapter of the Queens Alumnae Association, this opportunity offered morning and afternoon sessions under the direction of faculty members and an evening session conducted by Dr. Edwin R. Walker. At 11:15 a.m. five classes began. These classes were: Introduction to a Study of Drama, under Mrs. Elizabeth C. Cumming, associate professor of English; the Chinese Communist Movement, under Mr. Sidney A. Forsythe, associate professor of sociology; and Counseling: Your Responsibility to Your Child, under Dr. Caroline T. MacBrayer, associate professor of psychology. The visitors were then invited to attend a special feature of the day! the installation of student officers in Belk Chapel at 12:15. Lunch was served in the Morrison Dining Hall after the installation service.

The afternoon classes beginning at 2:25 p.m. were: "Symbolism of Line," under Mrs. Ann S. Gebhardt, assistant professor of art; "Wagner and the Music Drama," under Mr. John A. Holliday, Chairman of the Division of Fine Arts; "Mythology in Everyday Use," under Mr. Edward F. Olechovsky, instructor in Greek and Latin; and "The Sonnets of Milton," under Miss Laura A. Tillett, professor of English. Dr. Edwin R. Walker conducted the evening session which consisted of a lecture entitled "Meaning in the Arts." Refreshments were served after this last meeting.

—M. D.

Y. W. C. A. REPRESENTATIVE VISITS QUEEN

On March 14 and 15 Miss Winnifred Wygal, a represe tative of the Young Women's Christian Association, visit the Queens campus as a guest of the Queens Christi Association. Monday she held conferences with the office cabinet members, and committee members of the Christi Association, discussing their work and offering suggestio on ways to improve the association.

Miss Wygal, author of several books on worship, spo to the student body Tuesday morning on the subject "W Were You Born?" Tuesday afternoon she met with t Queens Christian Association cabinet and spoke to the about the work of the Young Women's Christian Assoc tion. —B. M

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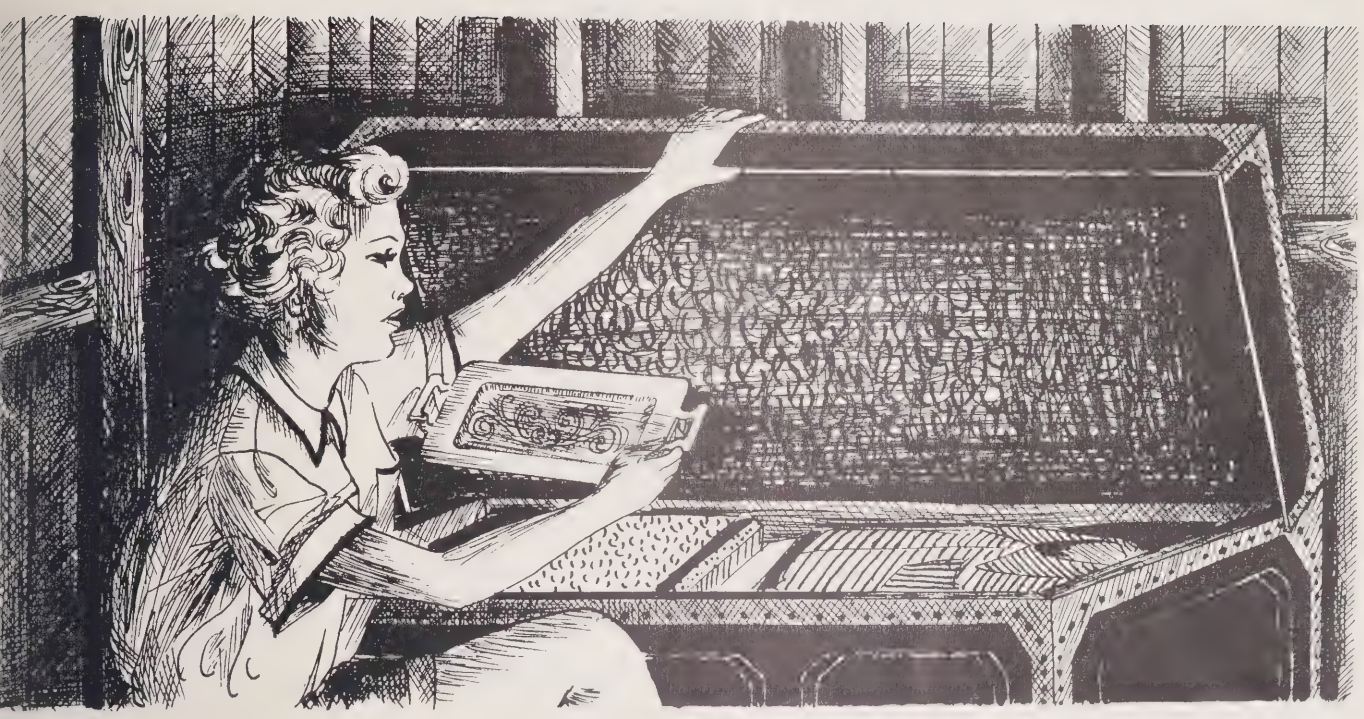

DOT stood in front of her cabin watching the sailboats
n along the water. It was a good day for sailing, just
ough wind and smooth water. She wished she had enough
e to go for a sail before supper, but there were more
portant things to be done. The sun reflecting on the lake
t her eyes; so she turned and walked along the lake's
ge toward the stables.

As she scuffed along the dusty path, she thought about
things Mary, the head counselor, had brought up in the
ff meeting that morning. It seemed to Dot that there
re surely enough problems without there being a thief
the crowd. She tried to think of a girl who might have
en a tray from the crafts shop but without much success.
st of the campers took pride in making trays, ash-trays,
l other such objects for their mothers. Not many would
nt a tray someone else had made. Now she could see how
neone like Sally might not mind taking another girl's tray
ne to her mother. It would not make any difference to
ly who made the tray; she had no interest in such things.

"But it's a cinch Sally didn't steal it," thought Dot. "She
esn't have enough interest in the crafts department even
want a silver tray, much less to steal one."

She reached the stables, and leaned on the fence watch-
the girls in the ring. Third in line was Sally. Dot en-
ed best watching Sally ride—partly because of the ease
l grace with which she rode, and partly because she was
e of her very own campers. Standing there, Dot thought
the second problem she had before her. She tried to
nk of the most tactful way to tell Sally that, although she
s doing so well in riding, she was failing miserably in her
ther activities. It peeved Dot that Mary had pushed off
on her the task of informing Sally that her personality would
not be well-rounded unless she developed other interests.
Even though Dot had lived in the same cabin with Sally
for a little over a month and knew all her daily habits, she
did not see how an eighteen-year-old girl could even start
to explain to one scarcely five years her junior the problems
of life. She would simply have to do her best.

After the riding lesson Sally walked up to Dot with a
huge grin on her face. For one of the few times that sum-
mer the sullen, pouting expression was gone from her face;
and there was a hint of a twinkle in her usually dark, brood
ing eyes. She rammed her fists into the pockets of her blue
jeans and began talking excitedly about the coming horse-
show. Dot let her talk, knowing that Sally seldom found a
listener for her bragging remarks on her skill in riding.
Perhaps this was not the best time for the little talk anyway
—maybe after supper would be better.

As they walked along, Dot could not help thinking how
disappointed Mrs. Quinby would be if she could see her
daughter at this moment. She would not be pleased with
the wisps of dark hair slipping from the braids, or the dirty
blue jeans, or the smudges on her face; and worst of all
Sally did not look the least ashamed of her appearance. No,
Mrs. Quinby had much rather Sally would learn how to
weave a scarf properly, or to do a folk dance gracefully, or
to make some earrings for Mother out of shells. It seemed
as if the camp rather agreed with Mrs. Quinby and her
ideas about her daughter and had set out to develop Sally's
personality accordingly. Perhaps it was none of Dot's busi
ness anyway, but she surely wished she could tell those
camp directors a few things about Sally's home. After all,

being an adopted child with divorced parents was enough to disrupt almost anyone's personality. Dot did not believe that forcing the child into activities she plainly disliked was the right solution.

"Yes," thought Dot, "I believe I'll just let things ride for a while and see how they turn out. Maybe I won't need to have that talk."

As the thoughts went through Dot's mind, she felt a little twinge of doubt. Was she doing the right thing?

It was a week later; Dot stood in the doorway of her cabin, her eyes slowly moving over the campers' beds. It was an unpleasant job she had before her, and she did not like it one bit. The counselors had been told that morning in the staff meeting to search the girls' belongings for the missing tray. Since the tray had not turned up that week, they had decided there was only one way to find it. That way was very distasteful to Dot, but she knew there was nothing she could do except comply.

She began with the nearest bed. That bed was Sally's. She opened the top to Sally's trunk. Immediately her search was over. Dot was frozen, bending over the trunk, staring at her gleaming reflection in the silver tray. She sat down on her bed holding the tray in her hands. She would never have believed Sally would do such a thing; although the girl had faults, Dot never had suspected stealing as one of them. She put the tray carefully back in its place and walked out of the cabin. Maybe a nice long walk in the woods would help her think clearly. Dot wondered if she had m a terrible mistake by never having had that talk with Sa It had seemed to Do that Sally had been improving in other activities lately and she had been attending them m regularly. Dot just could not understand it. How could have been so entirely wrong in her judgment of the girl

Later that evening, after vespers, Dot asked Sally if would like to walk with her along the lake path for a wh Sally readily agreed, and Dot mentally reviewed her plan little speech. Slowly and painfully she began to quest Sally about how she was doing in her activities; then narrowed her questioning down to crafts. Sally was not ing too talkative, and Dot instantly thought her retice only more proof of her guilt.

"Have you made anything in the metal shop, Sal questioned Dot.

"No, I don't like to work in the metal shop."

"Well, have you made anything to take home to y mother at the end of the season?"

"No, I can't think of anything she would like."

"Have you made any gifts for any of your friends family?"

"Well -l -l, only one."

"Who is that?"

"I can't tell you."

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Can you tell me what you made?"

Nope."

Sally, have you been in the metal shop lately?"

Un't uh."

Dot could see she was getting nowhere fast with this versation. Yet she could not come right out and accuse girl. She regretfully decided that she ought to talk to head counselor about the matter. She would wait until next day, though; there was always the chance that ly would admit her guilt. One could never tell.

n the staff meeting the next morning Dot was thinking ut her conversation with Sally the night before. Sud-ly something Mary said penetrated her thoughts. Had heard right? She raised her hand and asked if Mary uld mind repeating what she had said.

'Why no, not at all," said Mary. "I only said that I'm sure would be happy and relieved to know we found who k the tray. It was a little eight-year-old, but we have every-ng straightened out now."

As soon as the meeting was over, Dot rushed down to cabin to find Sally. She was in the cabin, sitting on the or polishing the silver tray with an old rag. Sally blushed en Dot entered the cabin and tried to hide the tray under blanket.

'Oh no," said Dot, "I saw you, young lady. Now, out with Why all the secrecy and little white lies about that tray? u said you hadn't even been in the metal shop lately."

Yes," replied Sally, still a deep red, "I did kinda tell you tory, and I might as well tell you the truth now. The tray is for you. I heard you say one time that you wished you could be a camper for one day so you could make a tray for your mother; so I thought maybe you'd like to have one I made."

All Dot could do was stare openmouthed at the girl.

Sally went on. "I know Rena, that's my mother, probably would never use a tray I made; so I made it for you—if you want it. You don't have to take it."

It was still a few minutes before Dot could say anything, but there might have been tears in her eyes as she accepted the silver tray. She had understood Sally a little after all.

ALUMNAE HOMECOMING

Each year the Alumnae Association sponsors a homecoming for all former Queens students. The reunion classes, which are all the five-year classes, receive special emphasis at this time. This year Homecoming will be held Friday and Saturday, May 27 and 28. The program of events includes meetings of the reunion classes, the annual meeting of the Alumnae Association, a special luncheon in Morrison Dining Hall, and an organized tour of the campus.

This year the reunion classes include the classes of 1900, 1915, and 1954. There remain only two members of the class of 1900, both of whom live in Charlotte. The class of 1915 is having its fortieth reunion and will be given special emphasis, as this was the first class to be graduated from this campus. Rooms will be provided in Carson Hall and South Dormitory for out-of-town guests.

(Continued on page 27)

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SPANISH CLUB ACTIVITIES

On March 7, the Spanish Club was entertained by Tom Douglas, a Davidson senior and Spanish major, who spoke on his recent trip to Mexico. He told the group about the people that he met there and about interesting experiences that he had. He also gave advice to those who may be interested in traveling to Mexico this summer.

The April meeting was held in Stultz Auditorium on the eighteenth of that month. At that time plans for a picnic in May were made. The program which was led by Bobbie Jean Devore, was on Pan-American Day. This program was given in connection with a project of the Spanish Club, the display table in the library which illustrated Pan-American Day on April 14. —M. M. M.

A. T. S. VISITS QUEENS

A delegation from General Assembly's Training School in Richmond, Virginia, visited Queens campus the weekend of March 12-13. Jo McCormick, Mary Helen McLeod, and Anne Egan spent two days talking with Queens girls who were interested in attending ATS and telling them about the school, the religious education courses, and various other aspects of campus life.

On Saturday night the fellowship committee of QCA sponsored a party for the delegation. Sunday was spent by the girls in teaching Sunday School in several Charlotte churches, in having individual conferences with prospective students, and in leading the vesper service in Belk Chapel Sunday night.

—Carolyn Heffner

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Excerpt From Chapter Three Of

My Licit Voyage

by Margaret Dick

WHEN the afternoon for our entry was fatefully upon Joan and I glided up to the "top of the mark" for our worldly look at San Francisco. Looking out over Nob l, I momentarily wondered how I had ever felt capable renouncing such joys as crazy jaunts through China wn, dinner at the "El Parajo," and the thrill of watching Ice Follies of 1947. Joan never admitted that her emo- ns were similar to my own, but her nostalgic expression ed that her resolutions, too, were somewhat shaky.

"Well, that's that!" the finality of Joan's voice only echoed unspoken reactions.

"Let's go tell your mother good-bye, Joan."

We rode down to our floor in silence. The elevator boy h whom we had become fast friends sensed the serious- s of the occasion and queried, "This is doom's day, isn't girls."

We managed an affirmative nod and farewell gesture as stepped on to the seventh floor.

"Good luck, sisters to be!"

Mrs. Walsh, who was waiting for us in our rooms, refused ccompany us to the novitiate in Oakland.

"No, I won't go. I can't keep you two from running off convent, but I don't have to escort you there."

Despite her smile and the seeming humor, Joan's mother was unable to conceal her bitterness at what she considered a futile venture; but, hugging us for the last time, she gave her reluctant blessing and pushed us out into the hall.

"Margaret, do you have any cigarettes?" Joan asked as she rang for the elevator.

"No. We can get a pack in the lobby."

"A pack! You mean two—one for you and one for yours truly."

"A good idea. We have about two hours left for smoking."

When we stopped at the cigarette counter, a silver lighter that had been tempting me for the past week caught my eye.

"I'd like that lighter also, please," I beamed as I handed the clerk a crisp ten dollar bill and glanced surreptitiously at Joan.

"Are you crazy, Margaret? You can't smoke in a convent, and that's wasting money."

"But it's my money and this is my last chance to spend it."

"Make that two lighters, Miss," Joan interrupted. "We may as well smoke in style while we can."

Boarding the train, we finally found available seats and after much commotion in settling our suitcases we lighted our first cigarette of the afternoon. Two half packages of

Cigarettes smoked; ceaseless conversation enjoyed; and an afternoon paper and a movie magazine read—these were the achievements of that momentous journey.

The cabman who drove us to the novitiate of the Holy Names on Webster Street had a casual acquaintance with prospective postulants since we were the third group he had driven to the novitiate that day. He was laughing when he asked, "How many more cigarettes do you have left to smoke?"

"I have about a half pack. What about you, Joan?"

"The same."

"Well, I'm sorry to say so but there's the convent and you'll have to forget about your cigarettes."

(Continued on page 26)

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A LIFE FOR MANKIND

Elaine James

ALBERT SCHWEITZER is one of the most gifted iuses of our age. He is a doctor of philosophy, theology, sic, and medicine—a skilled surgeon, architect, builder, culturalist, organist, and an expert in organ-craft. weitzer might occupy any one of a thousand important itions in America or Europe. He chose, however, to give time to a hospital in the heart of darkest Africa.

Schweitzer was the second child of Louis and Adele weitzer. He was born on January 14, 1875, in Kaysers- g, Alsace. The family then moved to Gunsbach in the nster Valley, where Schweitzer spent a childhood filled h happiness and good health. He received his education twelve different schools. In 1885, after having received primary education in the local school in Gunsbach, he nded a secondary school in Munster. The following fall entered a school at Mulhouse, a Gymnasium, where he nd mathematics and languages difficult, although he elled in essay writing. In 1893 he completed his work he Gymnasium and studied organ in Paris under Charles rie Widor. The next autumn he enrolled in the theo- cal college at St. Thomas at the University of Stras- rg. The summer of 1899 Schweitzer remained in Ber- studying ancient and modern philosophy; but in the he returned to Strasbourg. In 1900 he acted as principal the Theological College in Strasbourg, and three years r he was appointed principal of the College.

t was only a short time after this appointment that weitzer's sense of guilt, felt during his early school years he looked at the miserable home surroundings of his ssmates while he lived in complete luxury, made him lize that he could find happiness only by helping his owman. In 1904 he read an article, "The Needs of the ngo Mission," which was published in a magazine dis- uted by the Paris Missionary Society. It was at this e that he sensed the injustice which his race represented l resolved to spend his life amid the jungle savages of ica. He gave up teaching at the University and his post St. Nicholas to enter medical school. Throughout his dical schooling he lived on his proceeds from concerts, tures, and the publication of various works dealing with gion, philosophy, music, and an autobiography. In 1911 served his internship in the Strasbourg Hospital. During next five years he fell in love in Helene Bresslau, the ghter of the Jewish historian at the University of Stras- rg, and married her.

On Good Friday in 1913 Schweitzer and his wife set out French Equatorial Africa. Thus Schweitzer approached wilderness of Lambarene without the help of the gov- ment or a private agency. The Lambarene Mission was uated three hills above the Ogowe river. When Schweitzer l his wife reached Lambarene, their immediate problem s looking after surgical supplies. Pitching camp, burying medicine bottles so the medicine would not spoil, and ering the surgical instruments with grease—these things y did without wasting time. Without careful examination weitzer could see that the natives were ill with diseases l needed medical attention. In desperation, therefore, took an abandoned hen house as his first hospital. He formed his first operations under a strain, for he was surrounded by armed men. His first patient, a man with chronic appendicitis, was a real test for him. He wondered what would happen to him if the man should die. After the operation had been declared a success, the natives were willing to build the hospital. And at once word of the new surgeon spread throughout the jungle.

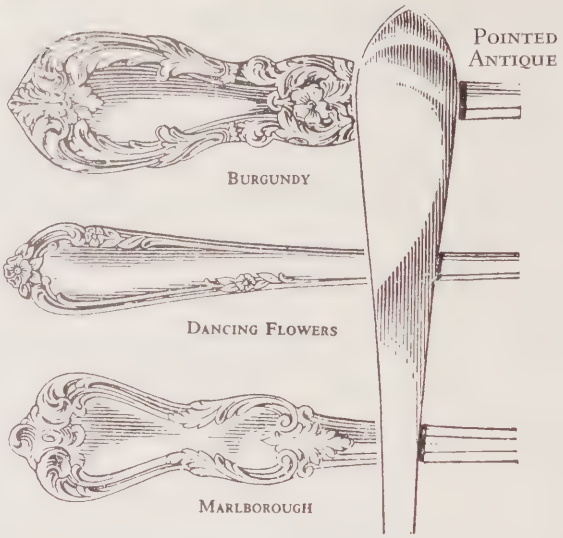
After leaving the chicken-house hospital, Dr. and Mrs. Schweitzer moved to an iron building, which was covered with palm leaves. Understanding the fears of the natives, Dr. Schweitzer built his hospital accordingly. Instead of modern buildings filled with doctors and nurses in white uniforms, he built a village where the natives could easily become adjusted and feel at home.

On August 5, 1914, news reached Schweitzer that war had broken out in Europe and that he and his wife were prisoners of war. During this period he took her to Cape Lobez for her health, and he was called to visit Madame Pelot, the sick wife of a missionary at N'Gomo. On the way to the sick woman's house a phrase flashed through his mind, "Reverence for Life." This was the answer to his questions, for he believed it served as the foundation uniting the world and all its ethical concepts. In a few years he received an order placing him in a camp for prisoners of war at Garaison in the Pyrenees. Later he was sent to a camp at St. Remy de Provence. He went to Gunsbach the next year and then traveled abroad, giving organ recitals and lectures to raise money for a second trip to Africa.

When the war was over, Schweitzer returned to Africa. During the ensuing trying months he was a doctor in the mornings, a builder in the afternoons, and a writer at night. In 1927 an extension program for the hospital was carried out. To raise money for a third trip to Lambarene, Schweitzer spent the next two years in Europe, giving lectures and organ recitals. Because of a dysentery epidemic in Africa, he put on a campaign to replace doctors and nurses.

Many more activities occupied Schweitzer from 1928 to 1949. In 1928 he gave the Goethe Memorial lecture in Germany, and he received the Goethe Memorial Prize of ten thousand marks. Making his first trip to America in 1949, Schweitzer came to celebrate Goethe's two-hundreth birthday in Aspen, Colorado. A crowning reward was given Schweitzer when he received the Nobel peace prize in 1952, and he used the money, $33,840, for the new hospital building expected to house 250 lepers. A year before Schweitzer had attained another distinction: he had been elected a member of the French Academy. In order to be elected to the Academy, it is necessary to attain the height of fame in France.

Albert Schweitzer's life may be summarized as follows: "A quiet acceptance of the facts of nature, then a deepening of service." Naturalness, humility, reticence—these are the keynotes to Schweitzer's thoughts, life, and personality. His life has been sure, and the path he has followed has been firm because of two driving forces which have been influential. One is his realization that the world is mysterious and full of suffering; the other is his realization that he was born in a period representing the spiritual decay of mankind. All the facts concerning his life bear out these two principl-



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The Last Hour

Elizabeth Lipscomb

ALL is lost now. There are only four of us left in the
en room: Rose, Malaine, Hannah, and I. The Japanese
e taken all the rest one by one; so we are certain to be
t. I know very well what happens to the women in Japa-
e prison camps, but at this moment I cannot resign my-
to the fact that it will happen to me. A scream, one last
am of a dying woman, makes me even more conscious
ny fate.

When I look at the other three women around me, I
der if they are thinking the same thing that I am.
at are their thoughts in their last hour? Rose seems to
e hope written in the lines on her face, the same face
looked lovingly at her two small children before the
anese came. She probably thinks there is some truth in
rumor that the Americans will liberate us. But hope is
here to be seen on Malaine's face. Her features are dis-
ed; those blank eyes register nothing except the blank
n that is behind them. I should think that with a mind
rilliant as hers used to be some glimmer of thought
ld run through it now. Every thought Hannah has,
ever, is plainly in view before my weak eyes. She ap-
s to be resigned to what is to come, but she is resigned
because she is too emaciated to do otherwise. Still,
eyes seem to say that some great struggle within her
shall soon be forsaken and forgotten. Why should I
k about these things in the last sixty minutes of my
There is nothing I can do to help them; still I wonder
ere is something.

ince I am the youngest in this group of imprisoned
en, could I cheer them by talking or singing? I think
n as crazy as Malaine. A woman needs her last hour
ink about things past and things to come, not to babble
an idiot. I wish I could do something for them, but
t can anybody do now except prepare to die. I must
er die by my own hand or by the filthy hands of the
anese. I had not thought of that before! Why do I get
e silly ideas? Where would I get something to kill my-
with? With only rags on my body and an empty room
e is nothing with which I could take my life. Maybe I
d use the rags to hang myself. But I am not anymore
npt from the torture than these others are. If we could
die together before the Japanese come for us, it would
better than to feel our bodies die piece by piece with
minds living until the last piece dies.

have decided what I will do now. If I can get Rose
Hannah to sit together, I can easily use two strips of
n to cut off their feeble breath. Malaine knows nothing
hat is happening; so she will make no move to stop me.
n I shall gently, ever so gently, wrap the rags around her
. But as for me, if I am strong enough to climb up on
ledge, all I need to do is tie the cloth to the rafters
jump. If only the cloth will not be too rotten to hold
body up, we can all four go free.

Now I have to get Rose and Hannah to sit together. Let's see—Yes, we should make our peace with God; yes, that's the best way to die.

It must be nearly time for them to come for us. Now that we are kneeling it will not take long. But I must be quick as I rise, and I must be as gentle as possible as I kill them. They are lost deep in prayer; it is time. Carefully I must slip each strip around each neck and twist. There is no struggle from either, but I feel the lives of these two wilting into the dirty rags around their necks. Now Malaine is waiting.

That was not as hard as I thought it would be. Only I pray that God will understand. God must help me also these next few minutes before I die.

They are coming. I can hear them. There is no time for my death, but at least I will know that I helped three other people escape from torture. At least I can die in peace. The door is opening; I am ready because they can't hurt my conscience and soul. What? They are not Japanese; they are Americans.

My head is spinning; everything is blurred. I know that I am fainting. Kill me, dear Father in heaven. Kill me, too.

THE VOICE OF THE PRINCE

EMMIE HAY

I have walked through stately marble halls; I have talked to spirits and to men; I have looked into the face of greatness: I have heard the voice of Hamlet. That voice, so noble and so beautiful, echoes now in the halls of the Danish castle and in the halls of my imagination. It has entered my being and lifted me on soaring wings to the realm of royal greatness and majestic sorrow.

I hear the voice of Hamlet:

". . . O God! God!
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!"

I feel an emptiness, a hopelessness, an aching of heart comparable to that of the Prince. My world is an "unweeded garden"; my despair is as his.

I hear the voice of Hamlet:

". . .To die: to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd."

I am torn between a longing for the comfort of death and a firm resolution to fight despair. I feel Hamlet's confusion and indecision seething within my own brain, and I cry out against it.

I hear the voice of Hamlet:

". . . Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on."

Within my being boils up the black and bitter bile. My heart is cold with bloody resolution, yet breaks within.

I hear the voice of Hamlet:

"If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story."

I feel the stirrings of immortality in my soul; I feel the urgency of having my cause made known, that something of me might live after me.

I hear the voice of angels, as the Prince ascends to his rest, and as I ascend to the glorious heights of the imaginative mind.

"The rest is silence."

MY LICIT VOYAGE

(Continued from page 22)

"No," I suddenly became melodramatic. "I'm not ringing that doorbell until I smoke every one of my cigarettes. I have not made a vow of obedience yet, and I want to remember the flavor of Pall Malls."

We paid our fare and said good-bye to our driver. "Don't get sick!" he called as he drove out the spacious driveway.

Both the convent and its adjoining grounds were beautiful. It was unbelievable that amidst the bustle of downtown Oakland there could be such a place of solitude. Joan and I agreed to finish our smoking—sitting on the convent doorstep. Fearfully and regretfully we lighted our last cigarette.

Pausing before ringing the bell, Joan queried, "Can th be laughter within these walls?" A merry peal of mirth sounded from what we later learned was the parlor.

"That's your answer," I muttered bravely.

Putting out our cigarettes, we rang the bell.

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ALUMNAE HOMECOMING

(Continued from page 19)

The program has been slightly changed this year in order allow more time for informal visits among the alumnae. nts will begin Friday evening with an informal meeting the north parlor of Burwell planned especially for the campus guests. Saturday morning at 10:30 reunion meet-gs will be held in assigned rooms. Reports of these groups be given at the annual meeting of the Alumnae Associa- held at 11:30 in Ninniss Auditorium. At this time Dr. lker will make his first address to the general association, election of officers for 1955-1957 will be held. The n event of the luncheon will be recognition of the class 955. Members of their sister class, the class of 1953, will their hostesses. After the luncheon students will con-t campus tours to show visiting alumnae the recent nges and improvements. —S. A. S.

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Last Night

By Frances Ramsey

IT was not yet dark. The sun made long shadows against the lawn. Looking out of the window, I smiled. Before my eyes an elusive image played. I could hear the cry of "Coming, ready or not!" In my mind I saw a small but strong figure leave his hiding-place and run to the tree in the side yard, calling "Free!" As a child, he had loved to play games. His younger days had been happy and carefree.

But I will always recall the many crises as he grew up. I can see the tiny figure trudge up the sidewalk, shaking with angry sobs. A closer view revealed a bloody nose, torn trousers, and a black eye! When I reprimanded him, he choked out, "Buddy called me a sissy; so I hit him, and he hit me back—but I beat him." I could do nothing but give him the usual lecture mothers give, and hope. I had been a little proud that he had wanted to take up for himself, but I said nothing. I could not encourage my own son to fight. I sighed.

When the phone had rung that day, I had rushed to the hospital. The tears were streaming down my face. I had cried even harder with relief when I discovered he was not hurt. And he had been brave for one so young. I had recoiled, however, at his request for a new bicycle, but had finally given in.

All these were nostalgic, tender memories of his childhood. I recalled them fondly. As I thought of his growing up, I wanted both to laugh and to cry; for it was such a wonderful, painful period in his youth from his first love to his last. I hesitate to think of his love, but I must face it.

His first realization that perhaps girls were not so terrible came on the baseball field. The little girl next door with her long blond pigtails had been repulsed previously. But she had made a beautiful catch, saving the game for the Black Raiders. After that she had been allowed to enter their private clubhouse—the first girl ever to receive such an honor. He had remarked upon entering our house later in the evening that maybe girls were "O.K." after all. From then on there were rumors of his carrying books home for a certain little girl. That was the most wonderful compliment he could ever have paid her, for he had to stand the taunts and jeers of the other boys. They really wanted to do the same thing but did not have the courage to do so.

His first date must have been a trial for him. He was casual about it, but his father and I knew what was going on inside of him. He must have come through with flying colors, though, for he was grinning foolishly when he came in, and was quite cocky for several weeks. I never asked him about it.

I can remember how proud we were of him when he was elected president of the senior class at high school. And at graduation he had been nervous about his speech but had done well. We were amazed at all the honors he received, but at home he did not boast of what he had done.

He went off to college as did the others and had a w derful time. He learned much and made a multitud friends. Then he went to serve his country as the ot did. He was proud to do this. We suffered during the as did other parents, but at last he came home to us ag We were very happy and very proud.

It was wonderful to have him home. But I did not k I was going to lose him again. How well I remember little girl in blue jeans—his first love. She was also desti to become his last love. She no longer wears blue jeans has grown quite beautiful—but she is going to make lose my son again. Tomorrow she will wear his wedd ring. I have lost him and gained him back a thousand ti since the first time I saw him. I have lived through e crisis in his life—his happiness has been mine and his ness mine also. Can I lose him forever?

I turn to look at my son as he enters the room. He young man, but he is strong and ready to meet the wo He knows what I am thinking. His hand on my shou gives me confidence. The sun has gone down now, but sunset was beautiful. I am not afraid of the dark.

BEYOND THESE CONFINES

by Shirly Shipp

HE hated them. She hated them for their hypocrisy, their love, their conceit, their narrow-mindedness. She hated n for their sarcasm, their biting wit, their shrill voices, their lithe young bodies always clothed in "just the right g." For their ability always to make the right, the cute ark for the occasion, for their easy poise and negligent for their—the reasons were too many to enumerate. Per- s most of all, though, she hated them because they were que, a confining and exclusive set so closely bound that chains could break them apart, and she was not a mem- of that clique.

he and her mother had excitedly talked for hours at me in those last feverish, strained days before she had e off to school about the wonderful friendships she ld soon form and the grand times that were in store her. For some unknown reason, however, things had turned out this way at all for her, and few things about ege life were as she had pictured them to be.

College had once seemed to her to be the epitome of y fabulous dream, the essence and fulfillment of every pressed desire she had ever known. Not only was it an pe from the prosaic life she had always known, but it gave her the chance at last to be somebody. Money had er been plentiful in that grimy and downhearted little town where she had always lived. The people in the n, grimy and downhearted themselves, had no ambition, nope for the future, and really no future to look forward out the hard life, the coal strikes and the good times, beer on Saturday night, and the hard collar and primly ched dress on the Day of Rest, and then at the end of a long procession carrying a wooden casket to the top he hill at the end of the street. Karen knew this to be and had seen it happen too often to want it for herself. father had led that kind of life, and she had been a mber of that procession going up past the garish taverns, the weather-beaten shutters of the town's one depart- t store, past the only clean spot in town—the little gray e chapel—up the dusty path to the cemetery. There she stood at the foot of her father's grave, her arm fiercely ched around her mother, both of them bedraggled lack castoffs. It was then that she had for the first time ed beyond the black stumps of the trees to the blue and te perfection of the skies; it was then that she had listen- beyond the hollow, dry cough of a miner to the throaty gle and trill of joy that issued forth from a nearby song row's throat. She had vowed then with all the intense sion that her eleven-year-old heart could muster that eday she was going to live beyond these confines of and poverty and ignorance.

ut how could you explain these things to the girls had met at school? Could you really describe the heart- k of going to a high school where no one else wore made- r clothes or tell to others the difficulties of studying ing the breaks from work? Somehow, though, she had lived through it and had won her scholarship to the college of her dreams.

On the trip to school that autumn the hours on the bus had dragged into interminable centuries, and she had thought her pounding heart could surely be heard by every individual on the entire bus. From the moment that she had seen the school, however, her fears and anxieties had vanished as the mist before the sun. The russet of the old bricks had blended into the golden and crimson warmth of the fall sunset as the cool blue shadows had spread and lengthened themselves under the gnarled oak trees on the front campus. At the sight of the stately grace of the buildings and the inviting beauty of the grounds around them, Karen had felt a tight knot loosen itself in her breast, and for the first time in her life she had felt that she was coming home —to a home where she would be appreciated, her feelings sympathized with, and all her aspirations and ambitions fully understood and developed.

And yet those first few weeks, instead of passing by in the golden haze of joy that Karen had dreamed about, had been a torture and a living agony. In high school she had learned to bear and live with the shame of having too few clothes, a very limited amount of spending money, and no *savoir-faire* to speak of, but here her lack of social graces seemed magnified and her faults multiplied.

Instead of the simple and sympathetic roommate she had hoped for and dreamed of, she had gotten Annda, who had quickly become the leader of the clique and the usual bearer of the cluster of small, goading remarks that seemed constantly directed at Karen. Annda's cool, aquamarine eyes constantly icily appraising her made Karen's smallest imperfections seem to her to be enormous.

Next to Annda's diminutive and shell-like blonde perfection, Karen felt ten feet tall, crudely dark, gauche, and awkward. Never around Annda could she do the right thing or even seem to make one move without looking up to face Annda's eyes upon her, bright with amusement and scorn.

She had tried so hard at first to become a member of the group and, tragically enough, had almost succeeded. It had been that feeling of near-success that had hurt her the most. She had not expected the full and complete popularity that the others enjoyed, but all she wanted was some sign of recognition, some small act that would prove that she was at least wanted. Soon, though, the pitifully small feeling of security that she had at first experienced melted away also, and she was left completely and utterly alone in a dormitory of sixty girls, shunned and scorned by all for no apparent reason.

She sat alone now in her room, meditating on all this and reflectively and pensively chewing upon a long yellow pencil clenched between her teeth, her French grammar open before her but her eyes staring vacantly out the window. Had it really been only eight weeks since she had ar-

rived at the school, filled with such excitement and such great hopes? The weeks had dragged by so slowly and had seemed of such infinite duration.

The room now was almost too dark to read in, and her mood of studying had passed. Heaving a sigh, she began picking up her notebook papers which had been strewn helter-skelter across her desk. All her cares seemed to have descended upon her shoulders this particular week in one heap. Two exams were coming up, the thought of a research paper due soon had already begun to nag and tug at her, and—worst of all—she had received a letter from her uncle that day telling her the disturbing news that her mother had been working too hard lately and had not been taking good care of her health.

This was really the most disturbing news that could possibly ever come to Karen. Since her father's death she and her mother had become more like sisters than if they had had real sisterly ties. It was really to make her mother proud of her that Karen had forced herself to bear up under the trials she had been experiencing lately. Anything seemed worthwhile if it could somehow ever make it possible for her to someday do things for her mother and in a small way repay her for her many sacrifices and countless laborious tasks done for Karen through love.

Suddenly this troubling reverie was abruptly broken as the door to her room was flung open. Annda and Lil, Annda's best friend and also a classic beauty with a dark smooth pageboy, sauntered in, only this time with no sarcastic smiles or brooding looks of maddening fury on their faces. Incredibly, impossibly, Annda was saying, "Hon, let's go out to the lounge and play a coupla' hands of bridgey."

Karen stared dumbly at her for a moment and then stammered out, "But-but, Annda, I-I don't know—"

Annda then smiled that brilliant, flashing smile that had never before shown its grace to Karen. "Sweet, I know, but I think you should learn—to be a perfect social success, y'know."

Karen struggled to her feet, her hands nervously straining and tugging at her wrinkled skirt. Her eyes shifted dazedly from Annda's sparkling smile to Lil's gay and animated expression and her brown eyes warm with this unexpected friendliness. Then, most wonderful of all, Annda placed her arm lightly, but oh so gently, around Karen's shoulders and led her from the room.

Annda lightly chided her, "You spend entirely too much time in that stuffy old room, anyhow!" Karen, her heart brimming too full to speak, could only smile broadly and vaguely nod agreement. Then, stumbling wildly and following blindly, she went with them.

Soon the mysteries of spades and no-trumps were beginning to be unfolded before Karen's eyes, and in a flush of excitement she triumphantly played her first hand, feeling, she thought, ridiculously like Hannibal making his first conquest. Giddy now, she luxuriated in the fascinating play of wits that went on all around her, the gay give-and-take of the discussions concerning the various nearby colleges' male students, and the plans for a houseparty to be held soon. She was promptly invited to come along on this particular outing as a special guest of Lil's, an honor she refused with flushed checks and happy confusion.

The warning bell for supper sounded. There was sudden confusion as chairs scraped, cigarettes were hurriedly stubbed out, and young bobby-socked feet scrambled to find the pair of loafers that fit them. Karen was asked to sit at table, an unbelievable mark of distinction.

Supper passed by like a gliding dream. To Karen meal tasted as though it had included on its menu foo the gods. Then, regrettably soon, the brief meal en and in a troupe exultantly singing the latest Hit Pa tune, Karen swung into step with them back to the do tory.

After happily promising that she would join them a later, Karen turned to go to her room, despite the fact she was certain she could not concentrate on a single le that night. How it had happened or why it had so sudd occurred, Karen could not understand, but suddenly inexplicably she had become a member of the group at last was one of the crowd. She felt as though a thou golden bubbles of happiness were welling through her tire being and permeating her with their intoxicating g

She opened the door and then frowned at the desk that she had not remembered leaving on. Suddenly whirled, as she saw a face in the mirror to the left of desk. Relieved, she managed a brief "Whew!" and a s at the wide, plain face of Mrs. Barton, the housemo who sat upon her bed.

Karen cheerfully remarked conversationally, "Gosh, Barton, you scared me!" and then added with a smile didn't have any idea who it was."

There was no response, and as the silence grew strai Karen glanced up with a faint air of astonishment. look changed rapidly from amazement to one of fear shock as she viewed for the first time Mrs. Barton's pression closely. Karen's mouth worked sharply.

"What is it?" she gasped out finally.

The artless Mrs. Barton arose and placed one stout around Karen and then placed the other straight ahead stiff, almost ludicrous, gesture and chopped the air wit several times for emphasis.

"Buck up, my child," she blustered out in her usual ab manner. "But your mother's gotten ill. Not seriously, bu

Karen's eyes darkened, and she motioned with one h in a faint gesture of weariness for her to stop talking. walked with precise steps to the desk chair and sat dow a quick, jerky movement. For several long moments she looking straight ahead with no change of expression. T she looked up, her eyes darker still and liquid with uns tears. She asked only one question, "The others? Do others in the dorm know?"

Mrs. Barton paused a moment in astonishment and t rushed on, pleased that Karen was taking it all so w "Yes, my child," she said quickly. Now she appeared e more pleased with herself that her tactics had worked well in breaking the news to Karen. As she spoke the sentence, she allowed a small excuse for a smile to cr her cheek. "Yes, I did tell dear Annda and a few of other little girls. I thought that perhaps they could h make this evening nicer for you."

Then Karen began to cry, great huge gulping sobs seemed to strangle her with every gasping intake of Mrs. Barton, amazed at the sudden change, rushed and began speaking in her blunt way trying to comfort but Karen would not be comforted.

ampus Highlights

(Continued from page 7)

ia Stuart, Shelby, N. C.; Libby Gunn, Perrine, Fla.; nie Hay, Charleston, S. C.; Marjory Carter, Miami, and Caroline McIlwaine, Farmville, Va.

hose members of the student body and faculty who have vn outstanding leadership on the Queens campus were ed into Alpha Kappa Gamma on March 30. The fol- ng were tapped at this time: Miss Nancy Maples, Rocky unt, N. C.; Miss Minnie Rob Phaup, Williamsburg, Va.; abeth Camp, Charlotte; Ann Parker, Rocky Mount, C.; Margaret Duckwall, Winchester, Va.; Jean Hubbard, rwater, Fla.; Mary Jo Patton, Charlotte; and Mary Jack ton, Richmond, Va.

—M. M. M.

SENIOR CLASS PROJECT

or their project, the Class of 1955 has chosen to place books in the Queens College Library. They plan to entrate their interests in one particular field, and a com- ee has been appointed to study the needs of the library. s is being done in order to determine where their gift best benefit the school. The class feels that by helping library grow it will be aiding in building a Greater ens. The books will be placed in the library before completion of the school year. —E. C.

CLASS DAY

he Senior Class has been fortunate in securing as ker for its Class Day exercises Robert B. House, Chan- or of the University of North Carolina. Chancellor se is known to be an inspiring and entertaining speaker is in great demand for college occasions.

ome selections of original writings by members of the uating class will also be a part of the Class Day exer- . These writings have been chosen by Dr. Harris Chew- , Miss Laura Tillett, and the Class Day committee posed of Jane Basinger, Jean Phillips Barnes, and Anne ldin. Class Day will be observed May 28, and the ial program will be presented in Ninniss Auditorium.

—E. C.

FRESHMAN - FACULTY BASKETBALL

n Friday night, March 18, the freshmen at Queens ed the faculty in a basketball game in the David Ovens sical Education Building. The freshman "Possum Creek" team beat the faculty "Coon Hollow" team by one point with a score of 12-11. Members of the team which led the freshmen to victory were: Peggy Oliver (captain), Barbara Lee, Sophie Leventis, Jean McLaurin, Roxana Mebane, Louise Neil, Susan Sharpe, and Nancy Sturdivant. The faculty team consisted of: Eleanor Collard (captain), Dr. Klein, Dr. Snyder, Dr. Nichols, Mr. Forsythe, Miss Ann Perry, Miss Nancy Maples, and Miss Mary Anne Ashe.

During intermission the audience was entertained by songs pantomimed by Mr. Olechovsky. The basketball game was considered a success, with more than fifty dollars profit for the freshmen.

—E. J.

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